

**The Bullwhacker
& his team.**

Some sixty years or so ago, when Utah was quite new,
The man who drove the ox team was very much in view.
There was no Auto's in those days, horses & buggies few,
So the Bullwhacker & oxen had everything to do.
They plowed the land in Springtime to raise the seasons crops,
They hauled wood from the canyons, over hills & rocks.
They plowed the waterditches, & scraped out the canals,
Hauled logs to build our cabins, our barns & our corrals.
They even went on wedding tours, with bridegroom & his bride,
And hauled folks to the graveyard, when any of them died.
There was no expensive harness used on the oxen then,
Just a yoke & two small bows with chains to fasten them.
They worked all day from morn till night, altho. a little slow,
Then often were turned out at night to pick up grass you know.
They surely were the poor man's team, got neither oats or gasoline.
The Whacker's whip would welt their hide, when they were very hard to guide.
A good strong voice & lungs had he, as he called whoa, ha & gee.
And so for years we got along, with ox teams that tho. slow were strong.
This state could not be what you see, without the ox team, you hear me!
Then let us give three hearty cheers, for those who drove the cows & steers,
Who grubbed the sage & cleared the way, for all good things we have today.
Who hauled the Saints from foreign lands, over the mountains, rocks & sand,
To Utah's happy peaceful vales, where health & happiness prevail.

Heber Utah Aug. 27th 1917